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JOY RIDE

Kenneth Browall '65

HE BOYS were standing around Jack's drug store one night when a gorgeous, new, silver Riviera pulled up across the street. A young, well-dressed, collegiate-looking man got out quickly and headed for the new apartment building down the street.

"See that car over there?" asked Ted, who was new in the group and anxious to make an impression on the others.

"Do I! It sure is a beauty," remarked Mike, summing up the sentiments of the others.

"Man, the outside is nothin'; you should see the inside! I used to know a guy who had one. He even let me drive it once," boasted Ted.

"Really! How far'd you go in it?"

"Well, far enough. Anyway, I drove it. But are they ever fabulous: they all have the softest bucket seats, with a gorgeous console between them, usually with a tachometer, and," Ted explained with rising enthusiasm. "Come on, and I'll show you what I'm talking about."

The boys followed Ted across the street to the car and boldly poked their heads through the open windows.

"Now that's what they call a cruise con-

trol. You see, you just....'

"Hey!" exclaimed Mike, who was the youngest, and also the loudest of the group, "the guy left the keys here. Let's see how that engine sounds; didn't you say it had 340 horsepower, Ted?"

"Don't be a jerk, what if the guy comes? We can get in lots of trouble," worried

Ted.

"So we'll run. Besides, it's his own fault for leaving the keys," added one of the others. "You're not afraid, are you Ted? If you are, I'll..."

"Of course I'm afraid, but let's wait a few minutes. The guy may be coming

right back."

"I think you're just a faker. You probably don't even know how to start the engine. You're a"

"All right, all right! I'll do it now; get

out of my way and let me in!"

Ted opened the door and slid into the driver's seat with determination. The others watched intently as he nervously grasped the key and turned it. The vehicle first twitched a little, and then let out a cloud of smoke, followed by a mighty roar like a jet engine.

"What did I tell you," beamed Ted proudly, "isn't this the greatest!" He felt a great surge of power in himself as he pushed his foot down on the accelerator and listened to the engine roar louder.

"Listen," suggested Mike, "let's get in and drive around the block. Nobody saw us here yet, and the way that guy got out so fast, maybe he stole it himself. Then he'd get the blame and not us."

"How do you know we won't get the

blame instead of him?"

"Look, if you're afraid, Ted, I'll drive. Besides, I doubt you really can drive anyway. All you know is a lot of fancy hot rod talk."

"So what if I do drive around the block.

What'll that prove?"

"It'll prove you're not just a lot of hot air, like you've been up to now, that's what it'll prove."

"Get in!" He knew he had to be ac-

cepted into the group.

The doors were hardly closed when Ted put the car in gear and stepped on the accelerator. Their take-off was not quite so smooth as Ted thought it would be; he nearly scraped cars on both sides of the narrow street as he fought to gain steering control.

"Don't worry, I'll get used to it in a

minute. Now who's afraid!"

It wasn't long before the radio was blasting and the drive around the block had become a tour of the neighborhood. Ted, forgetting that he lacked driving skill and that he was driving a stolen car, joined with the others in shouting and singing to the radio music.

"Hey, that's where that big shot Andy lives," Mike suddenly yelled. "It'd really put him in his place if he saw us in this. Stop for a sec, Ted, pal, and I'll go up

and get him."

Without speaking, Ted stepped on the brake and came to a smooth stop in front

of Andy's broken-down tenement. Mike got out quickly and ran up the crooked old wooden steps; a minute later both boys came out. Ted had been staring at the structure and hadn't noticed the two.

"You're new here, huh? Ever see α house before?" Andy spoke with his

usual feeling of superiority.

"Well, I . . .'

"Let's see what this crate'll do. Down this street. I had an XL going ninety-five down here once; owner never knew his

car was missing, the idiot."

Ted became increasingly nervous as he followed Andy's commands, and listened to his tales of trouble-making and crime. Andy's stories seemed to impress the others, but each horrible word cut into Ted's conscience. Ted wanted to walk out, but he knew he'd be ruined if he did.

"Open her up all the way for a sec, kid.

This street is dead."

"It's kind of dangerous though, isn't it? This street is awfully narrow. Why if. . ."

"Look, I live right around the corner. This place is dead, I'm telling you."

Convinced, Ted slammed the pedal to the floor. The car knocked back slightly as if in doubt, and then went forward with a sudden burst of speed.

"Hey, this is -- Ted, a car's com'n!"
"Keep goin', kid! Just keep over to the right," advised Andy.

"I can't make it!"

"You can!"

Ted swerved the Riviera sharply to the right. The street was too narrow.

The horrible, deafening sound of steel scraping steel, a crash, a car door, a man, screaming, blood. Then, stunned silence.

Ted opened his door and stumbled out. Andy immediately followed.

"C'mon through here!" Andy pointed and ran towards an alley.

Ted didn't seem to hear, but ran back to where the man lay bleeding. People were coming out of their tenements now, to watch. The other boys got out of the car; they were stunned and wandered aimlessly on the street. Ted was ripping off his shirt, and applying it as a bandage to the injured man. In the distance sirens were whining.



Martins Duhms '65

Operation "Voodoo"

A BLACK OPEN boat slid out of the darkness of the night and the open sea. Racing clouds obscured the moon, and scattered phosphorescent flashes warned of submerged rocks. That night the tide was running high. The lone boatman was watching the dark and silent shore. Suddenly, near the water's edge a tiny light blinked once, twice, and remained steadily shining. The boat swung towards it. For a while the motor continued to produce a muffled roar; then it was cut, and with a sharp scraping sound the boat beached.

A man suddenly detached from the gloomy foliage. Holding a flashlight, he quickly waded in, grabbed the boat cleat, and with the boatman pushing the stern, dragged the boat into dense underbrush. There were several packages in the boat. These the men carried to an old sedan. The one with the flashlight deftly lifted the

rear seat revealing a compartment. The packages were put in, and the seat replaced. Then the men piled in the front seat; the motor jumped to life, and the car disappeared inland into the night.

I sat facing the door, drinking iced tea, and scanning the island's official newspaper. Most of the news was about the wise and benevolent dictator's noble efforts to better the living standard of the Republic of Lanasto. There were also the customary reminders of the good Doctor's supernatural powers, lest anyone forget who was the highest spiritual ruler of the Voodoo cult. The newspaper was a boring affair. About the only real news was a short item on an inside page about the tragedy that had befallen retired General Perez. A cement truck had collided with the general's automobile not far from his home; both of his legs had to be ampu-

tated. For the past few weeks there had been rumors that the general was plotting

against President Culebra.

The cafe was dead at noontime. Flies buzzed from table to table, and the huge fans on the ceiling rotated monotonously, giving little relief from the stifling heat. There was a saying in Lanasto that the only people about in "mediodio" were conspirators and tourists. I looked around the room. Miguel, the phleamatic bartender, was an informer. The shifty-eyed little character masticating a huge cigar that would not stay lit looked like a police spy. And in the middle of the room sat a middle-aged tourist couple with their cameras and gaudy sports clothes awkwardly savoring the quaint atmosphere. My contact was due any minute. III

The little man contemplated his cigar. It was the cheap kind, and the little man felt sure that an expensive cigar, as the Captain always smoked would not go out so often. For a moment his attention was diverted to the well-dressed gentleman who had just entered the cafe. A Yangui businessman; he went over to the other Yanqui businessman and sat down. The little man clamped the cigar back into his mouth and started to drift closer, but changed his mind. The Americanos talked so loud he could hear everything anyway. They talked about a shipment of sugar that had just arrived. Bringing sugar to Lanasto! Ha! Ha! Those stupid Americanos! He would have to tell that one to the Captain. But the Captain might ask for a written report. No, it was much simpler to say nothing at all. The Americanos got up to leave. The little man sourly eyed his cigar. Those Americanos could probably buy many, many cigars like the Captain's.

I drove at a leisurely clip, frequently turning corners, sometimes even turning around and going back. There were very few places one could safely talk in this Caribbean paradise; a moving automobile was one of them.

My contact told me about his landing last night with the explosives. Everything had gone off without a hitch. He was a carefully nondescript young man, and he gave his name as Bill. Washington had sent him out here to help with the coup. The Presidential Palace was built like a medieval castle with concentric lines of defense within. A ballistics expert could make himself useful.

We were driving down a wide treelined boulevard. This was the rich section of the capital. Stately white mansions surrounded by large gardens and high walls created an atmosphere of leisure and power and perhaps even beauty, but it was an illusion, for the days of the aristocratic rich were gone.

The people who lived in these houses were still wealthy, but they owed their good fortune not to some obscure ancestor, but to their own uncanny ability to stay alive and drift with each new government. They were a ruthless breed of leeches who lived their lives in fear

and frenzied, futile scheming.

My companion had lapsed into silence. He expected me to say something. After all I was CIA's anchor man on this island, sent in little more than a year ago for the specific purpose of laying the groundwork for a coup.

I passed him a Continental Sugar Busi-

'Tonight we'll have a meeting at this place. Nine PM sharp."

He glanced at it and put it away with-

out comment.

'Secrets don't keep well in Lanasto, and that's why we can't plan anything as elaborate as the Agency's blueprint.

'I've heard about Culebra's interroga-

tion methods."

"Yes, I only have about fifty men. All they know is that they are involved in a plot to get rid of Culebra. Tonight we explain the whole plan to them, and lock them up in one of the company's warehouses, pass out arms, work out the details, round up those that haven't showed up, and tomorrow night we roll."

"Fifty men! You must be kidding. What sort of government can you establish and hold with fifty people?"

"Ahh, but these are special men, shock troops you might say. Every one of them is a fanatical patriot who's fighting for a very concrete goal - freedom.'

Like hell they were. Murderers, thieves, smugglers . . . If I weren't paying them in cold hard American cash, they wouldn't lift

a finger to help the cause.

My companion looked quite perturbed. "What about the army and the police and Culebra's own secret service? You know what you're going to have if you assasinate him? Civil war and chaos! Your

fanatical patriots! Fifty men aren't enough even to storm the palace. You don't have any sort of organization worth the name!"

"Go ahead. Shout, shout louder so that all the cops can hear you. Look kid, this isn't the United States where a lot of cheap talk about democracy will bring you hurrahs and ovations. This is Lanasto where in the hills at night they butcher human beings in Voodoo rituals, where the President happens to be not only a medical doctor, but also the country's highest witchdoctor with the powers to read men's minds and kill with a curse, and yet be immune to death himself. Where people just disappear on the strength of a rumor or for no reason at all, and are later found dead, maimed almost beyond recognition and left as a warning to others. And you expect me to have an army recruited?"

"You should have notified the Agency. Someone else would have been sent in

who could have done the job.'

You hit it right on the nose old boy. I can't let myself be replaced. I can't muff this assignment. You don't know it, but this

will be all or nothing for me.

"How the hell do you know I can't do the job? Culebra's palace is lightly guarded. He's got nothing to worry about. After five years of his rule there isn't a political party around, nor is there a disloyal officer in the army or police, and . . . "

"Oh, in that case he should have no problem wiping out the guerillas Castro

put ashore.

"No, that's got nothing to do with loyalty in the army. It's the people the guerillas must depend on for survival, and while few are against him, fewer are actively for him. Culebra's overthrow would insure the people's active support of the government."

"Yeah, sure. And the chaos that's going to result after the coup is going to hurt

the Communist guerillas?"

"Look, you don't make the policy; I don't make the policy. Washington makes the policy. Knock off Dr. Culebra! Knock off Dr. Culebra it's going to be. Get out here now! Your hotel's around the block. Stay there till it's time for the meeting tonight. And don't be late, or one of my fanatical patriots might mistake you for a snooper and blow your brains out."

Bill watched the car drive away. He

looked at his watch. He had about seven hours. He stood on the sidewalk indecisively. What was the guy up to anyway? He had in all his reports to the Agency indicated that he had established an efficient network of collaborators, that at a moments notice he could easily carry out a coup d'etat, and that he had a political machine to fill the void left by the removal of Culebra's men. No one had bothered to check, preferring to leave well enough alone. The Agency wanted this to look like a real popular uprising, and the less agents involved the better. After all the Republic of Lanasto had not seemed important until the reports of Castro's subversion.

The agent looked around. There was a French restaurant across the street. He crossed over and went in. His eyes took a moment to adjust to the dimly-lit room. Seven or eight people were scattered at tables throughout the room. He did not see a telephone. A waiter approached.

"Is there a phone here?"

"No Sir."

"But, perhaps there is a private phone I could use?"

The waiter's greedly little eyes narrowed as he quickly computed the value of the unobtrusive bills in the agent's hand. This time there was a perceptible pause before the denial was repeated. The waiter was taking a gamble, but it paid off. The agent took out another bill.

The phone was in the manager's private office. The manager was not around, and the waiter was very considerate, leaving the door open only the barest crack on his way out. The agent sat down in the swivel chair and picked up the phone. He listened into for a few seconds, then hearing nothing suspicious, placed a call to the States. When he hung up, he looked relieved. Special shipment of "Sugar" airlifted in tomorrow! That put an end to the CIA's hopes of disclaiming involvement, but then maybe this coup could be stopped altogether. The agent swiveled around, and there about two feet from his face was the ugliest looking automatic. Strange how dark the inside of the barrel looks.

VI

The room was hot and full of smoke. It was about ten o'clock, and Bill had not showed up yet. Men were sprawled all over the room. Some were in their dirty undershirts. One had a submachine gun

between his knees and was oiling it and testing all the moving parts. Another was sitting on the floor with his back against the wall, flipping up a knife and catching it by the handle. He looked very casual, but he never missed. A couple of guys were rolling dice, and others were playing cards or dozing. This was my glori-

ous liberation army.

I was worried about Bill. I guess I was just getting old for this job. It was difficult to take surprises anymore. The big boys made all the decisions nowadays. When the guerillas were set ashore, I was only informed the next day, only a couple hours before Washington began bombarding me with questions. I was caught off balance. With fifty men I had to stage a coup. I had no choice. After the fiasco on the last assignment, I was lucky to get another chance. No, I had no choice, but to try it. . .

I jumped to my feet. The door had

I jumped to my feet. The door had been flung open, and our sentry staggard in supporting the CIA man. They stopped. and the agent crumpled to the floor. A ghastly silence had come into the room.

"He's shot," said the sentry.

My God, what a ghastly joke! It took an effort to snap out of the dream-like trance that followed the first shock. I ordered a couple of men and the sentry back out. Then someone brought water, and we went to bring him around. Finally he groaned, and opened his eyes. He slurred something between his teeth. He tried again, this time more distinctly. What he said made me want to knock him cock-eyed. Somebody now probably knew the plan . . . Yeah, so he got away, good for him. . What, call off the coup? Bloody well not! . . . The guy went unconscious again. This always had to happen to me; some half-baked idiot loused up the works. I just hoped that we could clear out before Culebra's police arrived. Maybe we could still surprise them — attack the Presidential Palace tonight. Oh, what lousy luck! VII

President Culebra looked at the gentleman standing before his desk.

"And what happend to the American?"

"He got away. He was hit bad; he couldn't have gotten very far."

"Maybe he did not need to get very far?"

The gentleman remained calmly silent.

"Thank you, Francois. You may leave." The white-haired Doctor waited until the door closed before letting his face sink into his hands. He was tired; every fiber of his body was tired. So the Americans had finally decided to remove him. The mighty United States had been humiliated when its revokal of diplomatic relations had not in the slightest affected his position of power. So now came the revenge — a stab in the back. Tomorrow night, or tonight or a night next week or some other night, they, the hired little merceneries, would try and try until the knife would thud into his back...



The Doctor rose from his chair and pressed a special military communications alarm. He spoke with his commanding general for a few minutes, then unlocked a drawer in his huge desk, took out several large envelopes. The one on the top had "VOLKSBANK, BERNE, SWEIZ" printed on it. He placed them in a slim attache case, picked up his submachine gun, and turned out the lights.

His footsteps sounded across the room, a

secret door clicked open and shut, and the room was empty. The Doctor never took chances.

VIII

The twilight of dawn crept down the streets and into smelly dirty alleys. I leaned against a telephone booth's door; it folded and I crashed in. I must have blacked out, for suddenly it was very light. I was bleeding like a stuck pig. What a nightmarish night. The searchlight all coming on at once and the machine guns. . The wild race through the streets. . . The dank cellar as the feet went pounding by outside. . And the conceivement of an idea. .

I picked up the phone and dialed. I had to wait a long time before a sleepy voice answered, "The Soviet Embassy."

"Tell the boss that the coup failed."
"What, who is that?" the voice was wide awake.

"I'm Colonel Vasilev Dubenkov. Tell the Consul's secretary his rotten coup failed. And tell him not to worry about me anymore. I got it good this time."

I hung up and picked up the phone and

dialed again.

"The United States Consulate."

I told him my alias and the location of the booth. The answerer did not even wait for an explanation. I heard him shouting for a car. I slowly blacked out again.

A quiet place in the mountains of Vermont would be nice, or perhaps Montana . . .

The Burning Of The Leaves

It was a strange and frightful sight To see the burning of the leaves. The night was dark, nor did the moon, Reflector of her brother Sun, Send down a ghostly glimmer bright.

High up the orange flames did leap, And cast a light like bronze around. Nearby a bent old woman stood, To peer into the blazing pile, Reminding me of one of three, Who stood upon a blasted heath, And prophesied of future things.

While I gazed upon the scene, I saw Not just a pile of crackling leaves, But all the summers since gone by That now were put into a heap, And burned until the last thing left Was ash which scattered in the wind.

- Lawrence M. Jakmauh '65

The Rain

Hurled on by gusts of wind, The cold and bitter rain, In large and hostile drops Collides against my window pane.

But I recalled my golden youth, (Inside and safe from harsh monsoons,) The days when all of us would laugh Or sing a joyous, pleasant tune.

I dozed and then awoke from dreams Of sea-blue happy memories, As more loudly the wind did howl To break the spell of reveries.

I was a bright and glowing flame Until the wintry solstice came; To match my dying tears of shame, Fell the cold and bitter rain,

Just as with fatal, chilling breath It came and seized me all too quick, That wet and bony hand of death.

VACATION WITH PAY

Lawrence M. Jakmauh '65



T WAS DAWN of the last day of school. Jack was awake for several reasons. The wilting heat, which seemed to draw one's energy, had driven away sleep for most of the night. His little baby brother was awake on schedule, crying for his breakfast. The six-year-old twins, boy and girl, eager for their hard day of play, had been up before dawn, and now were scampering all over the house, with the seemingly endless energy of small children. Jack rose at 6:45, washed, dressed, and started downstairs to the kitchen, where his good-natured mother was preparing breakfast for three of the nine children. As is often the case in large families, the children ate in shifts. The voices of the youngsters reached Jack's

ears before he was halfway down the stairs.

"Mom! Billy's got my comic book!"
"I do not! Besides, Jackie bought it for

me, Jane!"

"I bought it for both of you. You kids know you're supposed to share with one

another," said Jack seating himself.
"Hey, Jackie! After school today, can
you fix the handlebars on my bike?"
asked Tommy.

"Not today, Tomboy. I have to start my summer job at the plant."

"Well, gee when will ya be home?"
"Not 'til six o'clock, I'm afraid, Tom."

Tommy said no more, but assuaged his disappointment with a bite of jelly-covered toast. As he ate, he thought how there was always something that needed to be fixed, and how Jack always had a few minutes for him, and never had told him to go along and play.

As he walked to the bus stop, Jack thought somehow it was unfair. For once he'd have liked to have some money just for himself. Jack and his family were a close-knit group, and though at times money might be scarce, there was always a joke and a smile. Yet, once in a while, black moods of depression closed in on Jack like an angry, fathomless sea sweeping over a drowning man.

During the first week at the plant, Jack learned what was expected of him at his summer job. It was at the same plant where his father worked, but in the shipping department, and paid forty dollars a week. For the entire first week, Jack worked industriously, aiming to please. Friday night, after being paid, he came home exhausted but proud. After dinner, his father came up to his room, and knocked timorously at the door before entering. Jack knew what was coming.

"Son, your mother and I are really proud of you. It's not every boy your age who would work like you have this week, just so his brothers and sisters could have something they needed."

Jack, who had been lying on his bed, now gyrated to a sitting position, and looked at his father with a somber face. "Dad, I can keep some of it, can't I? . . .

Fifteen? . . . Ten? . . . Five, at least?"

'Look, Jack, I know how hard you've worked this week, and naturally you feel entitled to the money, but . . ." Here his father heaved a sigh, and waved his hands in a gesture of despair.

Tack noticed for the first time how old

his father was beginning to look.

"You know I was counting on that raise I didn't get. Twenty more a week would've meant a lot. I even bought some things on the installment plan, and, well, the bank won't give me another loan . . ." He looked into Jack's eyes with an entreating expression of despair.

'Just this week, I need it all. With your money, I can cover the first payments, and the interest on the bank loan . . . You understand, Jack? Don't you, boy?

Jack's temper rose within him, and he breathed heavily, as he thought of what he could have done with the money. For the kids, he could have bought new shoes, which they always seemed to need. Perhaps something frivilous for Mom. Something she would not have bought for herself. Lastly, he thought of all that he himself could have had.

Slowly, Jack reached into his pocket, pulled out a handful of bills, and crushed them into a wad. He threw them on the floor at his father's feet; he rushed from the room, and slammed the screen door behind him as he left the house. The cool night air did little to ease his hot face, as he ran down the street in the dim rays

of an antiauated street lamp.

For all of Saturday and Sunday, Jack was peevish and morose, speaking seldom or not at all. He remembered many times when his father had spent money foolishly, all the while thinking he was doing the best for his family. Jack did not want this to happen with the money he was now earning. Yet when Monday morning arrived, Jack was off to work, apparently his old, happy self. His father had convinced Jack that next week it would be different, but it was not. His father had borrowed money from a friend and the friend now needed money himself, and demanded repayment. Jack handed over the cash without a word. He vowed silently that in the future he would think of himself first.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of his third week at work

passed slowly. An arduous pattern of work, sleep, and eat, with little or no change from day to day. Finally it was Friday. Payday. Day of release from worry, troubles, and cares. Day of escape, for Jack. When he reached home that night, he was relieved to see the car in front of the house. As he came in, he heard his mother preparing supper in the kitchen.

'Jack?" she called out.

"Yuh, Mom."

"Your father's asleep now, so don't wake him. How'd it go today?"

"Same as it goes every day. Think Dad'll mind if I take the car for a spin?"

"I suppose it'll be all right. Supper's in

half an hour."

Jack raced upstairs to his room, and pulled from under the bed an airline flight

As he was going out through the kitchen, his mother asked, "What's that?"

"Oh, just some things I borrowed from a friend. Thought I'd drop them off at his

"Drive slowly. Lots of cars on the road this time of day."

"Sure, Mom."

She looked after him as he walked out to the car, humming a tune from a current Broadway "hit", and repressed an impulse to call him back, as a strange premonition of fear gripped her. The thought only lasted a second, however, as she told herself she was getting old, and becoming overprotective toward her

Jack's heart pounded with every step he took to the car. His hand gripped the car key so tightly he wondered the metal didn't melt from the pressure and heat. Be natural, he told himself, as if you were just driving around the corner. His foot itched to floor the accelerator as he hopped behind the wheel, but he restrained himself. The key had been going into the ignition, when a young voice said,

``Hey, Jackie, where ya goin'?'

It was Tommy, his six-year-old brother. calling from the opposite curb. The piercing blue eyes revealed a soul which had not yet grasped the meaning of treachery.

"Uh, just for a little drive, Tomboy. You can't come along this time though.

Sorry.'

"You're coming back, ain't ya, Jack? Ya wouldn't leave us and not never come back?"

Aware of the uncanny ability of children to recognize lies in an adult, Jack looked steadily into Tommy's face.

"Why, sure, I'll be back . . . in a while . . . I'm just going to do something I've never done before, and probably won't get a chance to do again for a long, long time."

Before he knew it, the car was moving down the street. With the carefree confidence of youth, he maneuvered the car through the narrow side streets. When he reached the turnpike, he felt at ease for the first time in weeks. Jack couldn't believe it was true. Two weeks ago, he would never have had the nerve. Yet here he was, heading for the Cape, with a week's pay, with the sharpest of his meager wardrobe, with a full tank of gas. He knew his father would not call the police after finding the note he had left. Despite his father's annoyance, he would let Jack make the decision as to what was right to do. Jack had tried to explain in the note that he needed time to think. He knew that his father, who was actually very understanding, would let Jack reason the situation out by himself, and let Tack return when he was ready.

As the car cruised at a steady speed, Jack thought also of living expenses. The money would have to be rationed carefully. He planned to inhabit the beaches and resort towns by day, and at night, sleep in the car, in those many picnic areas, half-hidden from the road. He resolved to eat only three meals a day, and to make those three satisfying and cheap.

The clear, blue-green water sparkled alongside the air mattress which Jack had bought the day of his arrival. The mattress floated smoothly, moved only by an occasional wave. It was Tuesday. So much had happened since Friday, Jack thought, as he gazed at the gleaming beach. He had met some people from his high school, but how different they were by summer! In school they had seemed lackadaisical, and no wonder, when they had this sort of place to look forward to in the summer. They were not rich, but "comfortably well off." With nothing important to do, they lolled in the sea and sun, went to dances, bonfires on the beach at night, parties, in fact did everything of which Jack had wanted a taste.

As the gentle sea rocked him, a blond and tanned girl came to the water's edge,

and waved to him. It was Anne, a girl Jack had liked since he had first met her. She had a refined, yet personable quality which fascinated Jack.

"Hey, you'll float out to sea, if you're

not careful!" she called gaily.

"I wouldn't mind, if you'd come along!" he returned with a winning smile.

"Come on out! The gang's going over to the 'Sand Shack' for lunch, Dutch treat."

"Who could refuse such a tempting offer?"

Jack quickly paddled ashore, and threw on a sweatshirt. As he and Anne walked to the snack bar, he thought of the twenty dollars which was left. Jack knew that his idyllic escape from responsibility could not last much longer, but he put it out of his mind, telling himself he would think of that tomorrow.

Tomorrow came, and it was golden, and the day after even shinier than its predecessor. But Friday was a day he would never forget. After being fondled by the morning surf, the group had driven to Provincetown, and that evening had returned to the best beach cookout of the season. Around a blazing bonfire, they had sung until their lungs ached, told jokes until they could laugh no more, and sampled the most delicious lobsters and steamed clams in all of New England.

Jack drove Anne to her family's cottage, and shut off the engine. Both of them seemed reluctant to move. Finally, after an awkard silence, Jack said, "Gee, Anne, I think this has been the most wonderful day of my entire life. Just being with you is great, too."

"I've enjoyed it too, Jack . . . , See you tomorrow?" $\,$

She turned to open the door of the car, but Jack put his hand on her shoulder.

"Hey, don't I rate a good-night kiss?"

Jack forgot everything but the ecstasy of the moment, as their lips met in the moonlight. . . .

Later that night, Jack realized that this day had been the climax of his vacation with pay. A five dollar bill was all that remained . . . Where to now? . . . Home? . . . What future faced him there? If he wanted college, he would have to pay for it. It would mean hard work. Perhaps he should look for a job in another part of the country. See America first, and all . . . He wondered what it would be like

to be completely on his own. Since he was a minor, finding work would be difficult, but not impossible . . . How many others like him had left home due to adverse conditions, and made their fortunes without a college education? Surely, he could do the same.

Jack was surprised to find he had lain

awake all night thinking about his dilemma, as he saw the sky becoming light above the woods to the East. He started the engine hurriedly, and headed for the nearest freeway. His job might still be open, he thought with a heart which had suddenly become light; and besides, it would be good to see Tommy again.

TO BELIEVE

Alan Lovett '65

"THIS IS TERRIBLE!" Bill Mathews stomped across the nearly vacant sundeck of the plush Vermont ski resort.

Karl Stone closed the glass entrance and shielded his face from the high-noon sun. "What are you babbling about?" New powder cascaded from his crackling pants.

"What am I babbling about? I shouldn't have come up here in the first place."

"You shouldn't have come up! Look at

"Yuh, yuh, but with you it's different. At least you're enjoying yourself."

"I am?

"Yeah, you are." Bill cracked the huge knuckles of his left hand. "But me . . . For crying out loud, Karl, before you got here last night, I tried everything this blasted resort has-slopes, trails, everything! And do you know what? I got absolutely nothing out of them. I mean they don't thrill me anymore, you know?"

"Oh, you poor thing, you!"

"Very funny."

"Yeah, it is very funny. With all the money you got, you're worried about one lousy weekend. Look, you don't like this place, you don't come here, anymore. That's all. It seems like you're making a big deal about nothing . . . Ouch, this fire is hot."

"Well, maybe you're right. But I still could kick myself, especially since back at New York they told me not to come here. Suzy Baker . . . You know Sue, the cute one. Her father is the vice-president of that real-estate agency. Suzy says to me, 'Bill, honey, how can you keep going back to that little place?' But you know how it is, Karl, after you've been all over

the country, the little places seem to have something, you know?"

'Yes, I know. And I also know that I'm freezing, so pour me a drink, will you. Better yet, pour yourself another one and I'll take yours.'

"No, don't, I . . ." Bill's forehead glis-

tened.

"Brother, do you always water your scotch so much?"

"Uh, . . yes, yuh I like them that way, do you mind." $\label{eq:condition}$

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry. Boy, aren't we touchy today." Karl strove to change the subject. "God, am I a sight. I must be soaked to the skin. You and your ski weekends. I'll probably get pneumonia, or something."

"The first one's always tough. You'll do better next time." Bill's eyes twinkled

jovially.

Karl scanned Bill's fleeting smile. "Hmm, I guess so." Fire crept up his neck and engulfed his ears. "If there is a next time.'

"Oh, don't worry, there will be. Skiing isn't something you shake easily." Bill splashed an icecube into his drink.

"Hah, after today I'll bet I could shake

it very easily."

'Ah, that's the trouble with all you guys in the rat race. Behind a desk, you're fine; but when you're faced with a little healthy challenge, you're afraid of your shadows. Well, you won't find me grubbing my life away. No, man!" He choked on his scotch. "My God, how can you stand this stuff?" His glass crashed on the wrought-iron table. "Oh, yuh, I almost forgot." He daintily fondled a piece of jagged glass. "While you were skiing, a letter came for you. I think it's from New

Jersey." Bill squinted at the barely legi-

ble return address. "Yuh."

"Thanks. It's probably from my father." He tore open the envelope. "It is . . Hah, I didn't even know they delivered mail up here."

Bill restrained a smile.

"Well, I've never been to a ski lodge before.

"I never would have guessed it."

The frayed lounge beside Bill sagged beneath Karl's sudden slump. "You doing anymore skiing today?"

Bill's face contorted.

``Excuse me for asking. I guess I've had enough for a while too." He pressed his bruised rump and winced comically.

Bill cocked his head toward his friend. "You know something, Karl, I should have gone to Hawaii." He rubbed a flabby calf with the edge of his boot. "Man, would I like to be surfing now! That's what I wanted to do this weekend, you know? And I sacrificed all that beautiful surf and sunshine for this crummy resort. God only knows why I came here . . . Say, that reminds me. Did I ever tell you about that surfing meet I competed in two years ago?

Karl yawned. Brother, could Bill talk! Well, I guess when a guy's got something to talk about . . . I'm awfully tired. Maybe I could close my eyes and he wouldn't notice. Maybe I could catch a little sleep and he wouldn't . . . just a little . . I'm so tired . . . maybe just a little . . sleep

. . . And then there's always Alaska. You ever heard of Kodiak bear? Probably not, I didn't think so. Well, I was in Alaska hunting them just three months after I got back from Hawaii. That's right, just three months! What a hunt! And those bears, Karl! You wouldn't believe them! They're the largest carnivores in the world, you know. Why, I saw one cuff three men and like to broke them in half. . . .!"

The festering January sun toppled gratefully into the Green Mts. Karl

twitched and was awake.

"Six o'clock already? God, I'm sorer than before." The events of the day washed over him. "Hmm, Bill's gone. I hope I didn't hurt his feelings by going to sleep. Nah, Bill will understand . . . yeah, he understands everything." Karl lay back contentedly on the lounge and

spotted Bill's skis loitering in an obscure

corner.

"'Old Reliables,' he calls them." Karl smiled at the plurality of the name. "Old, is right. They must really be shot. I guess he's just about ready for a new pair. Hah, with his money, he should worry.'

Karl stood up and ambled over to the skis. "Hm, they're not shot, at all." He examined them again. "In fact, they're . . . they're not even . . . scratched."

He ambled back to the lounge and sat down, puzzled. Slowly, his face brightened. "Man, what a conscientious guy. He keeps them in perfect condition and with all his dough you'd think that he'd

Hysterical laughter drifted in from out-

side the sundeck.

"Oh, Phil, you bad boy, you . . . Now Phil, at least wait until we get inside.

Two people wobbled up the stairs and

creaked open the door.

"Ooh, İ'm sorry, mister." The girl flushed and dropped an alligator attaché

Karl squinted at her and pushed himself into a modified standing position. "No need to be, miss." He squinted again in the failing light. "Sue? Suzy Baker.

My God, how are you?"
"Karl?" Karl, you darling, thank heavens it's you. I was almost going to be embarrassed." She giggled and pointed to her escort. "This one can be fresh even when he's carrying the luggage. Oh, excuse me. Karl, this is John Gorham; John, Karl Stone."

"How are you, John?" Karl extended

his hand.

'How do you do." An indifferent hand slithered out of a maze of alligator skin.

"Oooh, Cutty Sark, my favorite." Sue quickly changed the subject. "Pour me a little, will you, Karl. And then tell me what on earth inspired you to come up here." She pulled off her scarf and amber locks floated to her shoulders. "Uh, kind of heavy on the soda.'

Karl handed her a watered drink. "I might ask you the same question. What

are you doing here?"

"Well, daddy said I should get away from the city for a while, so Phil and I decided to come up here for a few days. Incidentally, if you're not doing anything this evening, we're throwing a bash in chalet no. 3.

"Hmm." Karl smiled broadly, "I might look into that. Of course, I'll have to ask Bill first."

Sue lowered her drink. "Bill? Bill, who?"

Karl looked puzzled. "Bill Mathews. Who did you think?"

"Bill Mathews is up here?"

"Why, yes, I thought you knew . . "Well, I guess you're never too old to try something," she mused.
"What do you mean?" Karl was even

more confused.

"I mean the old stick in the mud is finally doing something. He's actually learning to ski. I find that kind of hard to believe."

Karl paled and changed the subject. "Uh, how . . . how . . . how about getting something to eat. I'm starved." He laughed nervously and rubbed his stomach.

Sue sighed. "No, not now. Phil and I have to run over to the chalet and un-

pack and everything.' "Well, I guess I'll see you folks later. Okay?" Karl stood up sharply and shuf-

fled out the door. Sue yelled after him. "Remember tonight at about 8 o'clock."

"Hey, Bill." The lone man at the cafeteria counter turned and pivoted awkwardly off the stool. "Oh, howdy, Karl."

"Hi. Look, have you eaten yet?"

"Why, no . . no."

"Well, uh, then let's order light. Okay? Hey, mister, two burgers and two chocolate frappes, please."

After a few moments Bill eyed his friend over the half-moon of a semi-eaten bun. "Hey, Karl, what's the matter. You don't look so good."

"Nothing, nothing. I'm all right."

"Say, Karl, did I ever tell you about that surfing meet in Hawaii?"

"Uh..yuh..yuh, Bill. I think I've already heard that.

"Well, what about that bear hunt in

'Excuse me, Bill, but I don't feel well." "Hey, look, is there anything I can get vou?"

'No, no, thanks. Never mind."

The cafeteria door clicked closed and Karl crunched hurredly into the deepening twilight. He plodded up the sundeck stairs and sank trembling into the lounge. "Oh, my God." His head dropped to his forearm and a finger of cigarette smoke toyed with his ear. "Not Bill. My dear God, not Bill."

"So then we skinned it."

"Yuh? How long did it take you?" The waiter trancedly slopped ketchup onto his mottled apron.

'Oh..almost two hours. It was a big one. So, you say you only work here on weekends. Where else do you work?"

"Oh, I have a little hardware store in

town."
"You do much skiing?" "Nah, not too much.

"Travel much?"

"Nope. Nothing like you."

"I think everybody should. I mean it's good for you, you know?"

"I never thought about it too much; you

know, maybe you got a point."

"Well, I think I'd better get going. I've got to see how my friend's coming along."

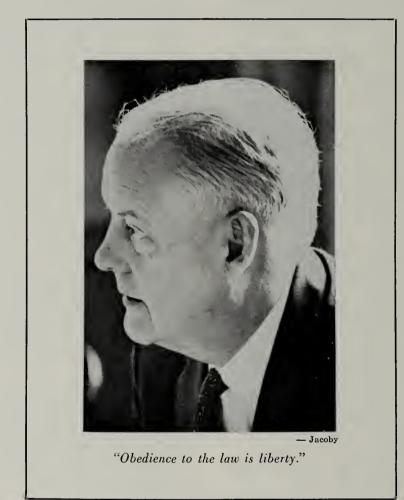
"Okay, Bill, sure was nice meeting you."

"Yup, you too."

Skiers were returning to the thawing cafeteria. They came in couples .. snowdipped..laughing..eating the icy air. Bill beamed at them, and at the plunging temperature, and at the winking pin-holes in the sky, as he hobbled toward the sundeck and his friend.

The Darkest Lake

Down through the dreaming waters peers the thoughtful moon, And like the notes of some high pipéd tune Its rays shatter and spread, Sinking to a bottom of blackest lead Till comes the morning's truthful light To tear aside the mystic veil of night, - Aron Zysow '66



SALVE . . .

R. WILFRED L. O'LEARY received his education at B.L.S. ('25), Boston College, Boston University, Calvin Coolidge College, and at Boston State College. He began teaching in the Boston School System during the depression, first at Latin Annex, then at Commerce, and finally at B.L.S. Upon the outbreak of World War II, Dr. O'Leary became the second master to enlist. He served in the Air Corps and has continued this association in the Air Force Reserve. Following the war he returned to his position with the B.L.S. History Department only to be promoted in 1948 to Department Head at the Jeremiah E. Burke. He was again promoted to Headmaster of Roslindale High where he served from 1957 to 1964, when he once again returned to the Latin School, this time as its Headmaster. In what spare time the Headmaster finds, he pursues his hobby of collecting Americana, an interest which a glance through the open door of his office will confirm. He also is Secretary-Treasurer of the New England History Teachers Association as well as Commander of Flight A. Selective Service Training Group, Boston, Mass.

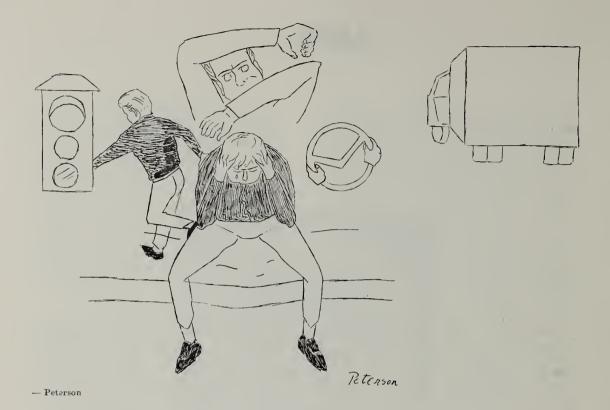
At a time when the demand for scientific and technological studies is sweeping the Nation's secondary schools, and when the Latin School is under continual attack by "progressive" educators for being backward and too steeped in tradition, Dr. O'Leary stands fast in his conviction that a study of the classics is essential to the full development of a man. But, while insisting upon the values of a strong background in the humanities, he does hope to enrich our curriculum with such additional elective courses as Biology and Mechanical Drawing. In this way the Headmaster hopes to provide a solid foundation for the technical professions as well.

Yet the foundation laid at the Boston Latin School contains far more than just proficiency in five subjects, for Dr. O'Leary maintains that the goal of our school is "total enrichment" achieved through what he calls the "total classroom experience", entailing far more than just book-learning. Ideally, the Latin School boy during his education builds values such as truth, goodness, and appreciation of things beautiful. He acquires the attributes of tolerance, leadership, and loyalty through character education and emerges as a member of the aristocracy of the intellect.

Toward this noble goal Dr. O'Leary advances with a sound program. By adding such courses as Music Appreciation to our required background, offering Advanced Placement courses on an elective basis, and extending the length of classroom periods to fifty minutes, he will provide the school with a far more flexible curriculum, and enrich the student body with a more meaningful preparation for college work.

Dr. O'Leary continually reminds us all of the uniqueness of our school and of the privilege it is to attend such an institution. He also offers his belief that work plus desire insures success in any endeavor, but that no amount of work will bear fruit unless accompanied by a sound respect for order, following the dictum of Aristotle that "Obedience to the law is liberty." But perhaps that which best describes the feelings and aspirations of our new Headmaster may be found in the framed quotation from Lincoln which appears above his desk:

I DO THE VERY BEST I KNOW HOW — THE VERY BEST I CAN;
AND I MEAN TO KEEP DOING SO . . .



REFLEXES

Paul Rajcok '65

IS BODY tightens; every muscle becomes rigid. He cries; his mind and every fiber of his body cries. He shrieks with the fear and insecurity of a wild animal finally trapped behind bamboo bars — a primeval shriek, mounting from the pits of Self and bursting into a ball of flame that whirls about in a frenzy; but no sound, for the ball bursts within his mind and is heard only by his mind and felt by his body, shrilling up and down his spine with uncontrollable fury, razing his brain with a holocaust of fear and confusion. The ball detonates a chain reaction that pommels his cowering brain; colored orbs burst one after another within his mind. Each pops with a dull thud as broken glass splinters his struggling senses.

His mind kicks wildly, throwing out his body's arms and legs in frenetic gestures of supplication. Tears drain down his cheeks. Each tear a silent protest against the cruelty of the world, each an indictment against the injustice dealt him.

In defense he gushes with self-pity. It envelopes him in an impenetrable shell that keeps out the fear and confusion. The fluid sentiment surrounds him with an anomalous feeling of warmth and comfort and rolls him into a tight ball. Covered on all sides, protected in pity, his mind lies dormant, a blank void refusing to admit the slightest thought, for with thought will come memory, and with memory will come the memory, the memory that he wants to kill and bury deep in the back of his mind.

But his cosmos is destroyed, for the impenetrable wall that hid him has been broken, awakening his mind with a start. Cold sweat; cold fear. Just the tiniest slit, as if it were made by the finest of surgical instruments. But the slit was made by a single word, a mere thought, **Daddy.** A harmless word! Five letters, five symbols which when combined convey a meaning; a childish word transmitting a magical mixture of love and veneration, idolatry and respect, all in two syllables. But why this word?

A speck of cotton from his mattress lies on the scuffed pinewood floor. He fixes his eyes upon it, waiting helplessly for whatever words and memories will follow, for he senses their nearness; he knows they will come crashing down upon him any moment, shattering his nerves with their unbearable weight.

He hears only the thump of his heart, and even that sounds unreal and far away. Waiting, staring. The speck grows to infinity before his eyes; an eternity passes as he watches. Waiting, silent. But he doesn't cry for that will only bring the memories on all the sooner and with all the more strength. If he waits, perhaps they will tire of his patience, perhaps they will flee for fear of, what? Of destroying him?

But they don't tire, they don't fear; they wait as patiently as he does, wait for the moment when his resistance will collapse, when his mind will be a crippled prey for their intentions. And the time comes as he knows it must. They break his weak-ening grip and fire at his mind like a blazing pistol. Words and memories flow from his wound victorious. But the words are harmless. Why these memories?

"Daddy, why do you read the paper after supper every night?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just habit, I guess." "It doesn't look very interesting. I mean it's all so crowded and there aren't hardly any pictures.'

Well, it's interesting for older people." "Hey, Daddy, after you finish will you read to me from my nature book?"

"Why, I'll read to you now. What would you like to hear about?" He methodically folded the newspaper and placed it on the end-table, already covered with a pile of old newspapers and magazines.

"Oh, anything."

"Say how about . . . ah, here we are — horses?"

"O.K."

His father read in his slow, mellifluous voice, creating an atmosphere in which the boy's imagination could take over. When he finished reading he gently closed the book and handed it back to his son.

"Boy, would I love to get a horse!"

"Why I think we'll be able to get you one before long. When we move we'll talk more about it."

"Really. Do you . . .

How naive, I actually thought I'd get a horse. I thought I'd wake up some morning and find it nibbling at the crab-apple tree in the back yard. How ridiculous! Why, we never even moved! And the dollar allowance that was promised to me I never got that. The trip to New York. The new bicycle with a three speed shift

"Da, you told me I could get a new bike; I was supposed to get it two weeks

"I know. It's just that . . . it's just that things didn't go as I hoped they would. I wanted to get you that . . . "

"You mean I can't get it now . . ." "No . . . If things pick up we still might

"Ya, they won't; they never do. You always keep making promises and they never come true. They're just all lies, all of them. I can't ever believe what you say. They're all lies! He ran upstairs to his bedroom, slammed the door, and fell onto his bed where he whimpered like a wounded animal.

His body twitches, every muscle shivers. Yes, it's all your fault. You lied. Your promises were all lies. I thought they would come true at first. I believed whatever you said. But why did you have to promise me a horse? Why didn't you just tell me that I could never get one and leave it at that?

Yes it's your fault. You lied when you said you would get me a car. You knew that we couldn't afford it but you promised me it anyway, over and over again. Lies, lies, lies. I wouldn't have stolen that car if I didn't think it were owed me. You kept promising me; I was promised a car and I wanted one of your lousy promises to come true for once. You made me kill that man. It's all your fault . . .

The wind from the open windows was blowing on his face, rustling his hair, flapping his shirt collar. It was a cold wind; he shivered. The hum of spinning tires, the sensation of motion, the green light, blinking. The truck parked by the curb. The man darting out from it. Motion, impact, death. Throwing the door open. Running. Home.

A dizziness comes over him. The man's face is looking straight at him. The package tied with ribbon in his hand.

You weren't afraid to die. You were

afraid that you wouldn't get there. Yes, that's it. The package. You were bringing it to your kid. Yes, a birthday present. You were divorced from your wife, but you promised to come to the party. You wanted to make the kid happy so you

promised you'd come. But I killed you. You didn't keep your promise. I killed you. O, God, forgive me . . .

His body relaxes; every muscle is relieved. He falls into a troubled sleep that night and is promised God's forgiveness.

Lemures

The moon is weeping as she drifts amidst the clouds.

A lonely hound bewails his mournful fate, And cries with head raised to Diana's lamp.

Still I am left alone beneath my stone, With not a friend to miss my once bright face.

Latency

I strolled upon the shifting sands of time, Some grains of which were destined to be mine. The waters of eternity rushed between my toes, While on the beach, the idle fools just dozed.

Quandry

Time is never and forever. Quick to blossom and to try, Just as truth and wisdom come, We die.

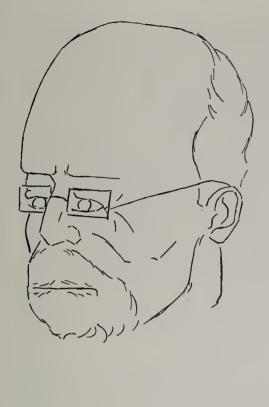
- Lawrence M. Jakmauh '65

Footsteps In The Dark

Steady footsteps echoing down the hollow street,
Fu-til-i-ty, fu-til-i-ty they constantly repeat.
Upwards to the distant planets goes the perfect beat.

But with the sacred ear of Him ne'er do the footsteps meet.

Fu-til-i-ty, fu-til-i-ty tapped out by weary feet, Whose journey's end exhausted Man never shall complete.



Peterson

THE TRAILMASTER

- Peterson

Richard Shuman '66

UNTIL THE DAY of the trolley-car accident. my mother never really understood Gramps. To her he was "that impossible old man." For one thing, he was an inventor and he insisted that I should be one, too; Mother insisted that I should not. Right from the start I was on Gramps' side.

Gramps was always dressed in an old carpenter's apron, and he usually had shavings lodged in his beard and sawdust on his steel-rimmed glasses. I deliberately messed myself up to look as much like him as possible, to my mother's dismay. Many times he would put a chisel in my small hands and guide me, "so you can help me when you grow up, Dickie." Or it might be a hammer or a hatchet or a can of paint. Yet, it was not these weapons that alarmed my mother

most. It was what Gramps called his "capacity for surprise." He said that if you were to invent, you must welcome every new experience, see everything around you with a sense of wonder and excitement. You must pitch in and learn all about any situation you find yourself in, then be inspired to seek new experiences.

Some of the adventures he got me into were dangerous. Others just made me dirty or wet or late for lunch. All of them drove Mother wild. My Father wouldn't help Mother at all. He just said that Gramps was doing me good. However, things became somewhat strained one summer at the seashore when I was four. Gramps had led me by the hand to the foundations of our new house, where an old man named Andrew was getting ready to blast out a ledge. Andrew had

hand-drilled holes in the rock, then found that they were too small for the dynamite sticks to go in. As he sat there whittling the greasy, yellow explosive down to size with his jack-knife, he tumbled the shavings into his mouth and chewed them. It was a good deal cheaper than cut plug, he used to remark, and it tasted just as

'Here, Dickie," said Gramps who knew exactly what he was doing, although I didn't. "Try some."
"Dy-mite," I murmured, filling my

mouth with the stuff. At that moment

Mother arrived.

"Now what are you doing with that child?" she demanded of Gramps. Then prying my mouth open, she exclaimed, Sawdust! For heaven's sake, don't you know any better than to let him eat sawdust?" Rapidly she excavated the mess with an angry finger.
Gramps smiled. "That isn't sawdust,
Ann. It's dynamite."

"Dynamite!" She gave Gramps a hor-

rified look, seized me and left.

Until the impact wore off, I was not allowed to be alone with Gramps. But the adventure, I realized later, had had a purpose. Gramps had taught me that dangerous things are safe if you knew how to handle them. He was teaching me judgement and courage and the ability

to tackle something new.

Mother didn't see this at all, not until the day of the showdown with the trolley car. I was five at the time and attending Miss Grey's kindergarten in Boston. At the end of each day's session it was Miss Grey's custom to bring her flock to the corner of Huntington Avenue and wait there for parents to come and fetch their children home. While waiting, we were fascinated by the sounds from the railroad yard across the street. Fridays we got out at noon, and as a special end-ofthe-week treat Gramps was sometimes allowed to come get me and carry me off for an afternoon of exploration in the city he knew so well. Then came a Friday toward the end of winter. There was dusk everywhere, and as we waited beside the busy thoroughfare we squealed with fiveyear-old delight to see the dirty, gray wings of mud splashed right and left by the speeding trolleys. Gradually, one by one, the children were called for; presently just one girl, Sally, and I were still waiting, straining impatiently at our

teacher's hands.

Then hurrying up the street, my mother arrived. "I will take Richard today," she said. "I told his grandfather not to come."

Miss Grey hesitated. "But isn't that Mr. Goldsmith coming now?" The teacher's attention was momentarily on Gramps

down the street.

Suddenly little Sally wrenched her fist free from Miss Grey's hand and darted out into Huntington Avenue, headed for a close-up look at the entrancing railroad yard on the opposite side. At that second a trolley came hurtling by, heading downtown, its bell clanging loud. Sally stumbled, fell, and disappeared under its wheels. The motorman jammed on his brakes, and the car shuddered to a stop. Shouts and screams rose from passengers and bystanders. Horrified, Mother swept me into her arms and began to run from the scene. But I wriggled loose and streaked off down the street into Gramps' arms, incoherently yelling to him what had happened.

Seizing my wrist in a grip that was new to me, Gramps strode toward the accident, my mother alongside, demanding that he let me go. By now there was a crowd milling uncertainly around the front of the trolley, everyone craning his neck, shouting questions. Then, in an instant there was silence, over which Gramps' quiet voice, hardly raised at all,

lay like a knife-blade.

'This is something I want the boy to see. Leave him alone, Ann." He shouldered his way into the crowd. "Stand back, all of you, and keep still. Miss Grey, lend me a hand. Someone, send for a tow truck."

The people fell back, in deference to this clear authority.

"Now, where is the little girl?"
"In there under the car," Miss Grey

whispered tremulously.

Gramps threw himself flat in the slush between the rails and wriggled quickly under the car. I stood close by trying to see where he had gone. Soon Gramps' legs came into sight again, and then the rest of him. His glasses were gone, and his overcoat was streaked with grease and mud. The familiar fire of adventure burned in his eyes.

'The child's alive," he said quietly. "But she's caught under the front truck of the trolley. We'll have to lift up the car to get

her out."

There was authority in his usually modest voice. I was thrilled at the way he strode among the crowd, telling the men where to stand, commanding them to be quick. Then, spreading his legs wide, he caught hold of the front of the trolley himself. "All together now, lift!" he cried.

They grunted and strained in a mighty effort, but it was not enough. They tried

again and failed.

"No more! Don't waste your strength," Gramps commanded. "We'll pry her up.

All of you come with me!"

The men dashed across the street to the stout fence that stretched in front of the railroad yard. They tore several heavy planks loose, and carried them back to the scene. Then, with Gramps showing them where the lifting force must be applied, they put a half dozen stout pries in position under the trolley's front truck.

"Set your brakes hard, motorman!" Gramps ordered. "Now, six or eight men to each plank, way out at the end, and lift. All together now. One, two, three,

HEAVE!"

There must have been forty men on those planks, all shouting together. "HEAVE! HEAVE! More, now—every ounce you've got—HEAVE! HEAVE!" Inch by inch the heavy vehicle lifted, stopped and lifted again.

Gramps was down on his knees again. "Hold it!" he cried, and then he crawled

back under the trolley wheels.

It couldn't have lasted half a minute, but it seemed like an hour. Would he never come out? The faces of the straining men got purple, some turned white; it was obvious they couldn't hold the car up for long. They stood braced there in the mud, and the big planks bowed till I thought they would snap. Gramps' voice came, muffled under the car. "Pull

me out now. Gently, gently. Not too fast."

By this time a Doctor arrived. He and Miss Grey pulled at Gramps' legs, working him back into the light an inch at a time while I fidgeted behind them murmuring, "Gramps! Gramps! Gramps!" in a panic. What if the men couldn't hold the planks long enough and the whole weight of the trolley car smashed on him? At last he was out, with the little girl in his arms. The small head with its pathetic curls rested against his shoulder, the tiny arms at a grant of the state of t

one of Sally's white stockings.

A sigh ran through the crowd as with a grunt of exhaustion, the men let the car fall back on its rails. A pile of coats were spread in the street so that Gramps could lay the little victim down. The Doctor knelt quickly by her side. I didn't see what happened next, for I had thrown myself on Gramps, hugging his wet, greasy legs. Later, I remembered an elegantly dressed man peeling off his overcoat and throwing it around Gramps' shoulders. "Here, sir, take this. That was the finest thing I've ever seen, and the bravest. Let me shake your hand."

I remember the Doctor looking up. "It's a miracle," he said. "I think it's no more

than a broken leg."

Also, I remember that suddenly there was Mother, throwing her arms around Gramps and kissing his muddy face. "Harry, Harry," she cried. "You were wonderful!" and they hugged each other

happily right there in the crowd.

I thought about that day for weeks—and years. And I suspect that Mother did, too. At least there was a noticeable increase in her appreciation of how a man—or a boy—might feel the need to test himself on new experiences, so that when the unexpected happened he could seize it as an opportunity.

Reminiscence

Memory, a mirror, which as we grow past our prime, Grows dusty with the passing years of hurried, mocking time. Time lets us forget the things which were sad; Thus we recall just when we were glad. We would not find them quite so dear Could we but live again each faded, bygone year.



EDITORIALS

STEP

NEXT

THE

O N OCTOBER 16, 1964, an event occurred which may well turn out to be the most significant developement of the twentieth century since the discovery of the original A-Bomb. This event was the explosion of a nuclear device by the Red Chinese. The President and other government officials have stated that the explosion involved a crude device, not a deliverable weapon, but in view of the Chinese attitude toward the rest of the world, the passage of a few years should change the Chinese nuclear capability. The Chinese have said that "war is inevitable" and that they place little value on the welfare of the plethora of humanity that populates China.

To a certain extent, the explosion of the Chinese bomb is only one step in the chain reaction that began with France's plunge into the nuclear arms race. Both nations are using the bomb as a lever to gain the prestige and respect that are the results of "being the first in their block to have their very own bomb". Other nations realize this and will become participants in the most absurd "keep up with the Joneses" scheme that our absurd world has yet conceived. Will India feel secure with an atomic dragon on her borders? Will the Middle Eastern nations refrain from seeking to gain decisive advantages over each other by nuclear armaments? Will neutral nations like Sweden feel that their present defenses will be enough to maintain their identities in a nuclear chess game?

Our government has been pressing for negotiations with other nations to limit the spread of nuclear weapons to nations which do not have them. Since the signing of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, the Russians have seemed interested in such an agreement of limitation. Rising standards of living in Russia, commercial agreements with the West, fear that the Chinese eye the empty plains of Siberia as a convenient place to deposit surplus population, and the realistic evaluation that there will be no winner in the next World War are factors which may drive the Russians to an agreement, despite "unity" statements between the new Russian government and its Communist brethren in China.

The members of the nuclear club must take the opportunity now, before it is too late, to limit, if not reduce membership. It is possible that in fifteen years some twenty nations could have the bomb. The use of one small "tactical" nuclear weapon by any nation could be the first act in mankind's **Gotterdammerung.** President Kennedy said after the signing of the Test Ban Treaty that a journey of a thousand miles must begin with one step. We have taken the first step. Shall we take the second step or remain where we are until the Pandora's box flies open?

- Stephen Feldman '65

THE BLESSING OF AUTOMATION

THE MOST serious internal problem which America will have to face in the coming years is that of the rise of automation and the inevitable increase in unemployment which follows. The traditional "solution", such as the restriction of the growth of automation or the increase of so-called featherbedding jobs, are wasteful and inadequate. It is time for a radical change in our approach to the problem, which is based, in reality, as much on our incorrect attitude toward work as on the technology which has made automation possible.

It has been estimated that, within twenty-five years, thirty percent of the population of the United States will be able to support the rest of the country. It is downright stupid then to insist that the other seventy percent must do some type of physical work, no matter how useless and unnecessary, simply because it is dishonorable to be idle. This attitude must be overcome.

As long as physical labor was a necessity for the majority of mankind, people attempted to make the best of their bad lot by glorifying it. Milton even went so far as to make it the sign of man's dignity. "Man hath his daily work of body or mind appointed, / which declares his Dignitie, and the regard of Heav'n on all his waies" (Paradise Lost, Vol. 32, p. 166a). However in a society in which it is unnecessary for the bulk of the citizens to work, the opposite viewpoint prevails. We need only look at the ancient Greek cities of Athens and Sparta to see how different men have felt about work when they did not have to do it. In Greece all labor was accomplished by slaves. The Athenians — the citizens, that is — were left with no need to do work, and consequently no need to elevate work to a high position in order to make it tolerable. Aristotle's attitude toward physical labor is directly opposite to that of Milton. "The life of mechanics or tradesmen . . . is ignoble and inimical to virtue" (Politics, Vol. 9, p. 456c). The situation in Sparta was similar. According to Plutarch, Lycurgus forbade any Spartan citizen "the exercise of any mean and mechanical trade" (Lives, Vol. 14, p. 44d). Thus we see that our all too common belief in the dignity of work was rejected in societies in which work was not a necessity of life. What we must further see is that the United States today is becoming, in this respect, more and more like ancient Greece. Our automation serves the same purpose as did the Athenian slaves, although without the same terrible cost in human suffering and lives. The "dignity of physical toil" is thus an obsolete conception. We must eliminate the view that a man's worth or honor is to be determined solely by the amount of work he performs. This will make it possible to have only that part of the population working which is actually necessary, with no loss of self-respect by the rest. The question now, however, is what to do about the unemployed seventy percent.

The answer is really quite simple. Anyone who has anything to do with education today is aware of the great number of new teaching devices being developed. Visual and other aids are now a standard part of many courses, and automatic teaching machines are well on the way. Although many of these devices are still in the experimental stage, it is apparent that automation is soon going to invade the field of education, as it has already done in so many others. Also, it seems reasonable to assume that many of those who are displaced by automation will choose to enter this field, having been freed from the necessity of engaging in other occupations. These two facts will make it possible for every citizen to receive a full education and to develop his potentialities to the fullest, since the opportunities to receive an education will be so much expanded. Thus intead of wasting valuable time and energy on physical labor, men would be free to engage in such intellectual pursuits as scientific research or art. Although there may be some people who actually prefer the physical, they certainly would not constitute more than thirty-percent of the population. It has often been stated that ninety-percent of the scientists who have ever lived are alive today. Now, think of a society in which seventy or more percent of the people are full-time scientists, artists, inventors, or philosophers! The thought is staggering.

As recently as fifty or one-hundred years ago, the suggestions of this article would have been justly dissmissed as Utopian and impractical. But, today, we must realize that we are living in the year 1964 and are rapidly approaching the twenty-first century. Modern science and technology have made the kind of society described here wholly possible and, perhaps, even necessary. If and when such a society is established, we will witness a greater increase in human happiness and prosperity than has ever been seen or hoped for on the face of the earth. (All references are to the series, Great Books of the Western World).

- Steven Cushing '66

EXTREMISM

D URING THE PAST presidential campaign, the term extremism became a charged word for politicians all over the country. No time is better suited than the aftermath of the election to attempt to evaluate the nature of extremism in America.

The term first appeared in headlines during the party conventions last summer. At the Republican Convention in July, Senator Barry Goldwater declared that "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice; moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." The Democratic Platform, on the other hand, stated its abhorrence for "extremism from the right or the left, including the extreme tactics of such organizations

as the Communist party, the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society."

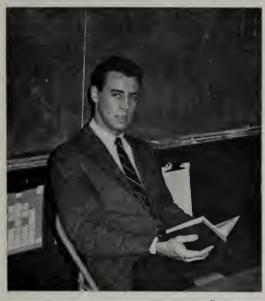
Seized upon by columnists and politicians, the word has been bandied about so much that it has become increasingly difficult to define the range and domain of extremism. Many argue that even our forefathers, men like Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry, who instigated the fight for independence, were extremists; however, they forget that these men pursued all roads possible to avoid their last resort, revolution. Others attach the label extremist to anyone with opinions differing from their own. These people themselves are resorting to extremist tactics by deeming themselves the sole judges of other people's actions.

In fact, only those groups advocating the overthrow of the Government of the United States are considered legally extremist and subversive. But like subversive organizations, extremist groups can be classified. John Fiske, the editor of Harpers, believes that all extremist groups whether from the right or the left of the political spectrum, no matter how diverse their philosophies may be, can be characterized in much the same way. These people have lost faith in society and in the "American Way" and have become as Gordon Hall, a noted authority on extremist groups, dubs them, "system hating." They believe that the only means of reform lies in a drastic change to the United States political and constitutional structure. Granted that reform is necessary, they do not attempt, unlike our forefathers, to explore all possible solutions to the problem of reform. Instead, they resort to oversimplification and quick solutions. Many of these people claim their dedication to the American ideals of fair play and equal opportunity, yet they foster in their hearts racial and religious bigotry. They declare that they themselves are the only true patriots while all others are apathetic victims and instruments of the Communist Conspiracy or Big Business. Besides this, they also question the loyalty and intelligence of trusted public officials. This tactic dates back to the early days of our infant republic when even George Washington was labeled a "British dupe."

On the other hand, we should remember that when we classify people as extremists, we do not have just cause to abbreviate their constitutional rights. For if we did we would be resorting to the same distasteful, extremist methods. Also, in a society like ours, extremists are an integral part in our political system. They help not only to retain the status quo but also to effect much needed reform. In the final analysis the American people will grasp the challenge of the extremists, temper their reforms to their needs, and as in 1964 will choose the road of moderation in effecting change.

- Bruce Teague '65

LORDS AND MASTERS



- Rosengarten

Mr. Kevin Halloran, who teaches German in 129, is an alumnus of the Latin School and a graduate of Boston College where he majored in German. He has also studied German at Harvard University and, of course, he had three years of it here at B.L.S.

Mr. Halloran's avocations include golfing, hunting, and collecting both classical and popular music on stereo tape for his

music library.

In his opinion several significant improvements have been made here since his student days. "With the reopening of the school library and the subsequent acquisition of new books along with the cataloging of books donated by alumni, a tremendous storehouse of knowledge has been made available to the students.

Another important change that Mr. Halloran mentioned is the curriculum modification which eliminated the studying of two foreign languages in addition to Latin. "I believe that the study of three foreign languages at once prevented most boys from mastering any one of these languages and made a well-balanced curriculum impossible. With the elimination of one of these languages, a boy is now able to take more courses in the physical and social sciences and thus obtain a more well-rounded education.

R. HARRY EDWARD HEWES, who teaches mathematics in Room 302, was born in Boston and now lives in Jamaica Plain. He graduated from Boston Latin School in 1948 and then attended Boston College. In 1952 he received his Bachelors Degree and in 1958, his Masters. Mr. Hewes has been teaching in the Boston School System for twelve years. He came back to Latin School in 1952 and then went to the Abraham Lincoln Junior High School, where he taught for five years. In 1958 he again returned to his Alma Mater and has been teaching here since.

Mr. Hewes' interests include stampcollecting and sports, especially baseball and basketball. While at B.L.S., he played for four years on the baseball team and he is now coaching the basketball team. When asked what he thinks of Latin School today, Mr. Hewes replied that he feels that it is still maintaining the standards of the past and is not deteriorating as critics often suggest. Mr. Hewes gives the following advice to students: "Each student should apply himself more diligently, so as to take fullest advantage

of his innate capabilities."





Something Interest

NCE AGAIN, our seniors have garnered many honors. Fourteen boys became semi-finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Test, with Charles Rockland scoring the highest at 157. Howard Stern, now a Freshman at Harvard, was one of the twelve Massachusetts winners in the National Council of Teachers of English Awards Program. Robert Chiulli represented the school at the Philco Research Laboratories on October fifth, winning a \$300 "Future Scientist of America" award from the Ford Foundation.

After weeks of spirited campaigning ("Vote for me or else!!!), senior elections were held on October 16. Our congratulations to: Bob Allen, President; Paul Masi, Vice President; Steven Brown, Secretary; Joseph DeChellis, Treasurer; Class Committee Chairman, John Fitzgerald; and committee members, Marc Bornstein, James Hatherly, Arthur Hawkins and

Joseph O'Donnell.

National Honor Society elections were also held, and the new officers are: Bernie Plovnick, President; Robert Chiulli, Vice President; Harold Stengel, Secretary; and Joseph DeChellis, Treasurer. Kudos Kolumn: Robert Gavin of Class IV has been named "Carrier of the Year" by the Herald-Traveler, and has been awarded a one hundred dollar savings bond. Paul Heffron scored a 722 on the CEEB test in Biology, a subject he studies on his own, and Steven Cushing received an 800 on the Advanced Mathematics test. Both boys were only sophomores when they took the tests last May. David Elsbree, of Class I, is, we believe, the first Latin

School recipient of the "Top Crumb" Award sponsored by WBZ's night disc jockey, Dick Summer. Ryszard Zybert and Jack Leventhal of Class 1, and Peter Feldman and Craig Yorke of Class II, attended the Greater Boston Youth Symphony Orchestra Sargent Camp Summer Workshop at Peterborough, N. H. Over one hundred musically talented students practiced intensively there for a week in preparation for another year of concerts.

Peter Weinberg, RRR Editor, and Bernie Plovnick, Sports Editor, attended the Globe High School Editors Conference on November 13. Mr. Thomas Winship of the Globe spoke on his recent trip to Russia.

Both the Register and the Liber Actorum have received high critical acclaim recently from two sources. The Columbia Scholastic Press Association has awarded both publications its Medalist Award, the top rating. At a two-day conference at Boston University, the New England Scholastic Press Association cited the publications for "Highest Achievement in Journalism". A number of representatives from our school attended.

On October seventh, Mr. McCabe, Stephen Feldman, Richard Gartland, Paul Heffron, and Saul Rubin attended a study conference at the Cambridge School of Weston on "Japan Today", sponsored by the World Affairs Council. The conference consisted of panel and group discussions, outstanding speakers, and a live judo demonstration.

On November second, the Latin School had a distinguished visitor, Mr. Hokoyda, an educator from Japan, here observing

various educational practices.

The Key Club Bookstore has moved to larger headquarters under Room 122. Since the profits of this worthy enterprise are for scholarships, we hope the students will continue to patronize the store.



- Jacoby

The Debating Society presented its first forum November third. With Dr. O'Leary moderating. The members of the panel discussed the national elections.

On November fifteenth, four members of the Social Science Club appeared on WCRB's "Point At Issue", sponsored by the World Affairs Council. Richard Drake, Stephen Feldman, Lewis Mintz, and Saul Rubin discussed the problem of "French Separatism in Quebec" with the Canadian Consul in Boston.

November sixth saw the Key Club undertake an ambitious project dubbed "Clean-Up Day". Members set about cleaning locker rooms and study halls, thus improving the appearance of our building.

Recent Latin School grads now at Boston University hold several important positions. Philip Brykman, '61, is President of the Senior class; Hal Ackerstein, also '61 is President of the Student Council; and Charles Elboim and Howie Izbicki, both '64, are President and Vice-President, respectively, of the Freshman class

Famous Alumni

Joseph G. Gavin, Jr., BLS '37, received his Bachelor and Master of Aeronautical Engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1942. Moving up steadily through the ranks of the Grumman Aircraft Corporation since 1946, he is now Vice-President and Director of the Lunar Excursion Module Program. He has worked on such space programs as Saturn S-IV, Project Apollo, and Project Mercury.

Nathan Kline, class of '27, graduated from Harvard in '31. He is now Assistant City Editor of the **Boston Globe**. As Military Editor from 1946 to 1964, he reported from such places as military installations in Western Europe, the DEW line in northern Canada, and, in September, the jungles of South Vietnam.

Now That Winter Has Come

The memory of last summer's dreams
Seems so far away.
I stop in a moment of reverie
To think back,
To turn back my life to the time
When every wave on the shore
Was a new surge of life,
And every soft breeze
A promise of soothing refreshment,
When the magic of summer's embrace
Held me spellbound,
And just to be alive
Was fulfillment in itself.

- Manuel W. Aran '65



SPORTS

FOOTBALL

Latin Surprises Technical, 18-8

Weakened by injuries, a determined Latin School squad was put to the test when it met defending co-champion Technical in the season's opener. The Purple proved they were to be reckoned with for the City Crown as they powered to a smashing come-from-behind victory.

Early in the first quarter, quarterback Paul Masi spun his magic to lead a 92yard scoring march in just eleven plays. Jack Burns capped the drive with Latin's first touchdown of 1964 when he bulled his way over from the two-yard line. The conversion attempt failed, but the scoreboard read: LATIN-6, TECH-0.

The Purple and White did not enjoy this margin for long, however: late in the half Technical bounced back with a score set up by an intercepted pass. The conversion sent Tech into the locker room sporting an 8-6 halftime edge.

In the third period, Latin received the kickoff and quickly moved deep into Tech territory on Masi's passes to Joe DeChellis and Gene Murphy. After the drive was halted just shy of paydirt, Tech gained possession of the ball but could not withstand the blitzing of Ferris, Brown, Scala, and Dowd.

Inspired by the fine defensive effort, Latin opened the final period with a score on the first play from scrimmage. Paul Masi brought the crowd to its feet with a "picture-book" pass to Bill McDon-



ald, who outran the Tech defenders for a 51-yard score. Again the try for two points failed, but Latin now held the lead, 12-8.

After the defense got the pigskin back, the Purple powered its way to the one yard line on rushes by Eric Grey, Charlie Leoney, and Jack Burns. Masi then dived into the end zone to up the count six more points.

The final score read: LATIN 18, TECH 8. MEDICALS AND MENTALS: Most of the team went into the game with some ailment of other, but victory seems to have provided them with a miraculous cure. Still on the sidelines were Captain Bob Allen and 230-lb. tackle Charlie Takach with broken collarbones, and Rich Rowen with a broken hand.

Latin Flattens Dorchester, 28-0

Following their victory over a tough Tech squad, the Purple thought they could breathe a little easier in their clash with Dorchester, football's answer to the Mets.

Taking the opening kickoff, Dorchester controlled the ball for twelve straight plays and shocked everyone when they even attempted a field goal. It was not long before Latin overcame their early shakiness, however, and marched eighty yards for a score following Dot's unsuccessful field goal attempt. After Leoney and Burns rushed with the pigskin, Masi connected on a bomb to Bill McDonald who carried the ball to the Dorchester seventeen. Leoney raced to the three and then ripped through the line for the score.

In the second period a fumble recovery set up a thirty-four yard touchdown play on a Masi-to-McDonald aerial. Halftime

score: LATIN 12, DOT 0.

After a scoreless third quarter, it was all Latin. Following a series of runs by Burns and Leoney, a pass interference call gave the Purple a first down on the Dorchester nine. Leoney covered the final nine yards on the next play and scored our first conversion of the season when he bulled his way up the middle for two more points. Freshman 'speed demon' Lincoln Pope raced five yards for another touchdown and added the two points to close out the scoring and give Latin an impressive 28-0 victory.

POST PROELIO: Enough cannot be said about Latin's stone wall defense. Dorchester did not have enough blockers on their entire bench to repel our defensive

line

Latin Overpowers Trade, 40-0

Latin needed only two periods of football to amass an astonishing total of forty points against a totally bewildered team from Trade.

After receiving Trade's punt on the thirteen yard line, Paul Masi threw for first downs to Gene Murphy and Joe De Chellis, then fired a twenty-three yard

scoring strike to Tom McLaughlin. After McDonald intercepted a Trade pass, Latin drove for another touchdown with Leoney taking it over from the four yard line. Jack Burns added two points and Latin quickly led 14-0.

In the second period, Lincoln Pope set up another score with runs of twelve and twenty-one yards. Leoney took a Masi hand-off and tallied from five yards out. Shortly afterwards, Pope received a punt on his own thirty and faked the whole Trade team out of their shop coats enroute to a seventy yard scoring play. At this point Vin Costello took over as quarterback and fired a strike to Tom Mc-Laughlin for six points followed by a successful conversion by Dennis Kearney. The final score came when Costello whipped a touchdown pass to Bob Patukonis covering sixty-nine yards. The scoreboard at halftime read: LATIN 40, TRADE

In the second half, Coach Ed Lambert emptied his bench, but Trade still could not muster up any kind of attack. The scoreboard operator had the rest of the day off as the score remained unchanged throughout the second half.

TRADE WINDS: Ever since the first half of the year's first game, when Tech scored their lone touchdown, Latin's goal line has not been crossed. This superlative display of defense is equaled only by the Purple's offensive display which has rolled up eighty-six points in the first three games. Not bad for a team that wasn't expected to get off the ground this year.

Latin Smothers Brighton, 34-0

Boston Latin, famous for its traditions, has seemingly adopted the tradition of winning football games by rather lopsided scores. The Lambertmen posted their eighth victory in the last nine contests, defeating Brighton by a score of 34-0.

The lone score of the first period came on a one-yard plunge by Jack Burns. In the second period, the Purple exploded for a twenty-two point surge. On a Brighton punt, the ball was reversed to Lincoln Pope on his own fifteen. The flashy freshman sprinted up the right side line where blocks by Frank Griffiths and Burns opened the way for an eighty-five yard touchdown. Charlie Leoney added to his rapidly increasing point total by making the conversion good for two



- Jacoby

points. Four minutes later, Pope slanted in to score from the three to give Latin a twenty point margin. The Purple managed to score again before the half ended, when Dennis Kearney darted over from the five yard line and Burns rushed for the conversion. The final score of the day came on an eleven yard pass from quarterback Vin Costello to Gerry Sarno. BRIGHT LIGHTS: Little has been said thus far about Latin's fine coaches Ed Lambert

far about Latin's fine coaches Ed Lambert, Cecil Smith, and Frank Casey. Although they refuse to take credit for the squad's victories, you can be sure that they have been a large factor in Latin's successes.

Latin Dumps Cambridge Latin, 20-0
A rather unusual incident occurred at this strictly classical game: both teams came out of their dressing rooms clad in white uniforms. Obviously something had to give. It turned out that our boys changed into gold jerseys which somewhat bewildered the crowd who found it difficult to cheer for the new color. The game fared well, however: Latin won to gain their fourth consecutive shut-out victory.

The Purple, however, seemed to have a tough time on their hands when Cambridge reached the BLS thirteen early in the first quarter. Cambridge failed to score, however, when their attempted field goal was blocked by Gene Murphy. For the remaining portion of the game, the BLS defense never allowed Cambridge to penetrate within the thirty-five yard line. After both teams were scoreless in the first quarter, cornerman lim Hatherly gathered in a Cambridge pass and took off on a sixty-four yard scoring play. Quarterback Masi sneaked over for the conversion and BLS led 8-0. Later in the period, Charlie Leoney took a pitch-out from Masi and skirted right end for thirty-nine yards and another score. The second half found BLS wearing the traditional purple jerseys, but Cambridge Latin was still baffled. The Purple added their final score when Masi walked over from the one yard line following a long breakaway run by Leoney. A LESSON IN LATIN: BLS sent Cambridge Latin back across the Charles after proving the supremacy of the one real Latin

School. The partizan crowd enjoyed the "fashion show" almost as much as they appreciated the victory.

Latin Squeaks Past Charlestown, 12-6

A previously unbeaten Charlestown team stunned a confident Latin squad by scoring a touchdown on the second play from scrimmage. Tom Strano slanted off tackle and reeled off sixteen yards to reach Latin's end zone, previously untrodden for four and one half games. The Purple received the kick-off, and scored on their first play from scrimmage as Jack Burns, aided by a magnificent block from Leoney, raced sixty-two yards around left end. The 6-6 deadlock remained until the final minute of play. After fumbling three times in key situations, (once on Charlestown's four yard line), the Purple were fortunate to get the pigskin back. With little more than one minute left on the clock, Eric Grey returned a punt to Charlestown's forty-one. In five quick plays, Latin marched to the four yard line. On a fourth down play with thirty seconds left in the game, Masi handed off to Charlie Leoney who fought his way to pay dirt. Pandemonium broke loose in the stadium as the Purple managed to remain undefeated and untied! GRIDIRON GAB: Congratulations to Paul Masi and Coach Lambert whose coolness and expert play calling made this climactic victory possible. Thanks also go to Latin's fine linemen, Steve Brown, Bob Dowd, Ed McDonald, and Al Magliaro whose spirit and hard work carried the

Latin Ties B.C. High, 8-8

Outplayed considerably in the first half, Latin staged a thrilling fourth quarter comeback to gain a draw with B.C. High and clinch a tie for the City League's top spot before a near-capacity Veteran's

Day crowd.

After a holding penalty nullified a score by B. C. High's quarterback Paul Saba, the Eaglets failed to capitalize on the recovery of a blocked punt on Latin's eighteen yard line. A Purple fumble on their own forty-two gave B. C. High another break, but this time the Eaglets were able to score on an eight yard pass play, Saba to Ranere. The successful conversion boosted the Eaglets to an eight point half time lead. The defensive play of Gene Murphy, Steve Brown, and Jack Scala prevented the lead from becoming greater.

After Latin could not score with their running game in the third quarter, Coach Lambert switched to his "shot-gun" offense in the final period and, suddenly, Latin's offense began to click. Paul Masi, with more time to spot his receivers, completed passes to Tom McLaughlin, Bill McDonald, and Jim Hatherly in a drive covering eighty-nine yards. Bobby Allen smashed over the goal line from one yard out to give Latin their first taste of "Eagle meat". Masi then faked to Allen and carried the ball himself to score the gametying conversion. In the closing minutes, the Purple fell just shy of a dramatic victory, when time ran out with Latin driving from the Eaglets' fourteen.

CAGED BUT NOT COOKED: The tie stopped Latin's win streak but allowed the Purple to remain undefeated in seven games. A victory over Hyde Park will carry Coach Lambert and the squad into the English game with an unblemished

slate.

City Champs Nip English 24-22

Much was at stake this Thanksgiving day when Latin faced English for the



— Jacoby

seventy-eighth time at Harvard Stadium. Going into the season's finale, BLS, with a record of seven wins, and no losses, and one tie, had the city crown within its grasp. In addition, Latin stood two games down in the over-all series with English and another loss would tip the scales even more.

It was evident from the outset that both teams wanted their share of turkey today. Latin's defense repelled English's attack but Latin too was unable to move, Paul Masi being forced to punt. The Purple forced the first break of the game when end Jim Hatherly pounced on an English fumble on the English forty-five. Next, Hatherly gathered in a Masi toss on the thirty, broke toward the sideline and advanced to the six before being hauled down. Two plays later, Masi plunged over for the score and fullback Charlie Leoney cracked over for the two point conversion. English worked its rushing game to tie the score early in the second quarter, but the Purple regained the lead moments later. Halfback Jack Burns returned the kick-off to the English seventeen after an electrifying run of sixty-six yards. On the ensuing play, Hatherly caught a Masi bullet and danced past his man to score. Masi followed Latin's powerful line into the end zone to give BLS a 16-8 half-time lead.

English sprang to life in the second half after they moved the ball sixty yards to score on the opening series of downs. The Purple thwarted Halfback Bill Manley's attempt to tie the game and retained the lead at 16-14. Coach Lambert then switched to his shot-gun offense late in the third quarter and Masi began to pick apart the English secondary with passes to Hatherly, Tom Mclaughlin, and Bill McDonald. The scoring play was a nine yard pitch from Masi to Hatherly and a pass to McDonald for the extra points. English cut the lead back to two points, however, as the result of a sixty-five yard

march. Late in the final guarter, English retrieved a fumble on Latin's thirty and, suddenly, the situation seemed grave. Fortunately, Latin's scrapping defense, led by middle linebacker Jack Scala, was able to halt English's thrust. But after Leoney's bid for a first down fell inches shy, a penalty against BLS gave English possession of the ball on Latin's thirty with about a minute left to play. A crowd of 16,000 breathlessly looked on as English drove down to the twelve yard line with seven seconds remaining. With a desperate attempt to overcome the two point deficit, the Blue and Blue faked a field goal attempt but had their bid for a touchdown pass broken up in the end zone. Latin momentarily breathed a sigh of relief but the clock still showed three seconds left. This time English did go for three points but Mario Caporale's boot sailed wide to the left. With the hearts of all beating rapidly, a roar arose from the stadium as Latin's rooters realized we had beaten English. The newly crowned city champions carried Coach Lambert to the locker room where the squad was finally able to celebrate after a week of nervous anxiety.

OUTPAINTED BUT NOT OUTPOINTED: English became the only team to score more than once against the Purple this year . . . Regrets to Captain Bob Allen who, after waiting three years for this day, had to watch the game from the sideline on crutches. His leg injury sustained in the Hyde Park game, prevented his physical participation in the victory but his courage and moral support inspired his teammates in this game just as it did all season long. Regrets also to anyone witnessing this game with a weak heart. Today's game must go down in the books as being one of the most thrilling contests in the seventy-eight year history of the nation's oldest schoolboy football rivalry. It was truly a fitting

climax to a brilliant season.

SOCCER

The soccer team's chances for a successful season were hampered by two factors: first, the return of only five lettermen from last year and, second, the lack of concern by the school system, which failed to provide a coach, adequate prac-

tice time, or proper equipment. As a result, many of the new players have been unable to gain the necessary experience and instruction.

This inexperience was evident in the first encounter as Latin bowed to St.



- Gloss

John's-St. Hugh by a score of 3-0. Latin's booters bounced back in their next game by defeating Lynnfield 2-1, the entire squad displaying vast improvement. Particularly noticeable was the fine play of forwards Cheah and Lauterbach.

Latin was downed by North Quincy in the next tangle by a score of 4-0, despite the near-impossible saves by the goalie, Roman Dashawetz, on two penalty shots. These shots were taken from about eleven feet from the net with only the goalie to

protect the 20' x 8' goal!

The Latin team won its most impressive victory in recent years when the Purple outran and out-shot Medford to the tune of 10-1. Captain Fred Bass booted five goals, most of which were scored from about thirty yards away. Flashy Ralph Stafford used his speed and agility to blast four goals past the busy Medford goal keeper. Fullback Sigmad Szczepkowski helped spark the team with his aggressive play.

Steadily improving with every game, Latin is eagerly looking forward to defeating Roxbury Latin in the traditional game. Also coming up is a slightly less publicized Latin-English "football" game. It would be quite a lift to the team if there were more student support and participation instead of the usual lack of interest stemming from unfamiliarity with the

world's most popular sport.

CREW

Although fall crew is more or less a preparation for spring competition, Latin oarsmen flocked to the banks of the Charles for daily work-outs. One might imagine the crews lazily gliding downstream in the warm sun on autumn afternoons interrupted only by an occasional sea breeze. In reality, however, Coach Vara kept his mates well occupied with several miles of back-breaking long strokes each day. As for those warm afternoons, the water of the Charles is all but ice-capped this time of the year, making conditions far from comfortable.

Race day found the Purple rowers with hands purple from blisters but with spirits eager and determined. Under the Harvard Bridge, the contenders, Technical, English, Trade, and Latin, lined up in their proper slots. The blowing of a whistle started them off with a splash. A strong Tech crew jumped off to an early lead, English slipped ahead of Latin, and Trade guarded the rear. We trailed English until the last one hundred yards of the mile course, when we edged by and took revenge for several seasons of tasting the Blue on Blue's spray.

Congratulations are extended to coxswain Turrell, stroke Brennan, and to Zunder, Hinds, Baird, Chamberlain, Friel and all the rest for their constant effort. If this spirit persists, the Charles may once again become mare nostrum next spring.

SWIMMING

In addition to the ten lettermen returning from last year's team, Latin's '64-'65 swimming team includes eight other

members. This combination of the "Old" and the "New" promises to give Latin a winning season, in spite of a rough sched-

ule which includes three college freshman teams.

A strong freestyle team is led by three of last year's lettermen: smooth-stroking Bob Ford (I), "Scotty" Guild (III), and Jim Reid (I), who holds the school record for the 400. They are supported by Sophomores Jim O'Rourke and David Campbell, and Juniors Timmy O'Leary, Steve Meline and Iim Pickel. The breast stroke events are handled by Larry Sullivan (I), letterman and holder of the school record for the breast stroke, and Dennis Krauss (II), a second year man making rapid progress. Pete Ryan (III), one of two freshman letter winners last year, and Danny Sheahan (III), and Alexander MacDonald (IV) comprise a solid back stroke team. Danny Ambrose (II), letterman and school

record holder for the butterfly, and Barry Stevens (II) swim the 100-yard butterfly event. Barry, another letterman, also swims the 200-yard individual medley with school record holder Bob Spry. Diving will again be Latin's most powerful event because of the return of lettermen George Baldner (I), and Mike Donahue (II), who finished fourth and third, respectively, in the state meet last year, and promising newcomers, Peter Fritz (IV) and Doug McNamara (III).

Those of us on the swimming team would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Powers, our coach, for the many hours he has spent with us to make this team what it is. His hard work and a determined effort by the swimmers should provide the spark for a winning season.

CROSS COUNTRY



- Incohy

Latin's field of two and one-half mile runners jumped off to a fast start this year by crushing English in the opening meet with what turned out to be a near shutout. Top places were taken by co-captains Bill Donegan and Carl Campagna, Ken Paige, Steve Carey, and Paul Hayes. Backing up the leaders were Duclos, Howland, Judge, McNamee, Stoia, Toomey, and Chinn. Then, with but a day's rest, the Purple and White harriers went on to outrun Technical, the defending champions, while, on the gridiron, the football team was doing much the same.

In extra-league competition, Latin, ran slightly behind a powerful Catholic Memorial team, but bested Weymouth in a later encounter.

The annual Catholic Memorial Invitational Meet saw sophomore Kenny Paige run thirty-seventh in a field of over one hundred fifty of the state's best distance runners, while the grueling State Championship Meet saw him finish third among the city's harriers.

In spite of Latin's victories early in the season, the squad was once again unable to capture either the City or Regimental Championships. Donegan and Campagna finished third and fourth in the City Meet, but Tech was, nevertheless, to prevail for the victory. In the 'Reggies,' Latin placed third behind Technical and English.

The entire team merits applause for their unrelenting spirit and continual hard work. As anyone who has ever run two and one-half miles will testify, cross country is indeed a very taxing sport. As Ken Paige puts it: "To be successful in distance running, you must learn to make it hurt."



The Register's Raving Reporter

Sept. 11: A certain new third floor resident showed up this morning with a special gleam in his eye—his toothbrush slipped.

Sept. 14: New sign over-read in the teacher's lunchroom: NOTHING DEN-

TURED; NOTHING GAINED.

Sept. 15: Slogan offered at first football practice: NOTHING VENTURED; NOTHING SPRAINED.

Sept. 17: The Debating Society started the year off with a public service; they sent all their de-scenters downstairs to fumigate the gymnasium.

Sept. 18: Words to live by: The diaheliatropic ratio in relation to the dendrochronological determinant factor is a cyclic infintesmal with a rectilinear of plus or minus infinity.

Sept. 21: Senior assembly: We learnt that we all have a chance of being either accepted or excepted at some college somewhere . . . maybe.

Sept. 23: If the exiled Tibetan leader ever returned to power he would probably be greeted by the familiar song "Hello Dalai, we're glad you're back where you belong." **Sept. 24:** Overheard in the guidance office:

Master: Jones, are you getting into a rut?

Jones: Gully, I hope not.

Sept. 28: Ye R.R.R. had a bad weekend and came in singing "A Pretty Girl is Like A Malady."

Sept. 29: Over-read on board in 312: Glass walls do not a prism make — E. M. C. jr.

Sept. 30: Ye R.R.R. suggests the following sign for an antique shop window: JUNQUE.

Oct. 1: LOST: Seat four, Row M, West; will finder please hurry. It's a long

Oct. 2: Ye R.R.R. tried to tell someone today about the man who could stir sugar into his coffee with either the right or left hand; but before he could explain that the man was ambidextrose, he was accused of being stir crazy.

Oct. 3: A new student arrived today. He is a farmer's son who was fed up with the udder nonsense of country life.

Oct. 5: Ye R.R.R. finds that he keeps putting his foot in his mouth and getting the bitter taste of defeat.

Oct. 6: Overheard in room 234:
Mein Herr: Ich bin auch ein Hamburger.
Dein Herr: Sir, was that supposed to be a bun?

Oct. 7: Ye R.R.R. firmly believes that you should always be sincere whether you

mean it or not.

Oct. 9: Posted on bulletin board: Wanted: Tudor in English History.

Oct. 12: Ye R.R.R. wrote an exiting story for the Register today. It was all about a cat who ate some cheese and then waited for the mouse with baited breath.

Oct. 13: Over-heard in 117: "The Spanish test-sailed their ships and found that they got 15 miles to the galleon.

Oct. 15: Ye R.R.R. heard today that Allen Funt's wife divorced him on the grounds of invasion of privacy.

Oct. 16: Trade High School won't alarm anyone by the way they play football but they did raise some comment recently when their students began scoring unusually high marks, C+'s. The School Committee which tried to stop this outrage was later accused of interfering with trade on the high seas.

Oct. 21: Descripition of the new AFofL-CIO office building on Huntington Av., over-heard on the trolley: "It's striking."

Oct. 22: The economy drive in government has even reached the food dept. Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz ordered a skimpy lunch the other day, consisting of one liverwurst sandwich. Ye R.R.R. thinks that it looks like Wirtz has come to wurst.

Oct. 23: Over-heard in the sacred Health-Room, exalted by many wholey pants: Master: I finally caught the tie thieves. Nurse Taylor: It was my scale that did it, right?

Master: Yes, while going out they gave

themselves a weigh.

Oct. 26: Over-heard by ye R.R.R.: Over-

red on your report card!"

Oct. 28: Over-heard at an election rally: First Wiz: Hey, put those sines down! Second Wiz: Gee wiz, you can secant you? Oct. 29: Words to forget: Many men who are running for offices are not politicians. They are commuters.

Oct. 30: Over-heard during a Politician's

news conferance:

Reporter: What's your favorite color? Politician: Plaid.

Oct. 31: Another office-seeker tried to scrounge a free meal at the British Embassy, but was not admitted because he wasn't a member of the staff. Well, I guess Britian won't waive the rules.

Nov. 2: Barry wants to go back to the "good old days" so much that today he promised that he would move into

a Goldwater flat if he wins.

Nov. 3: American's should remember on this election day the song that appeared after the British voted; "For Home The Bell Tolls."

Nov. 6: Former Senator AuH₂O finally issued a statement today. It said that he had been misquoted by the press — he was never really running for the presidency.

Nov. 10: Ye R.R.R. has decided that when certain big shots in the senior class graduate it will be impossible to replace them with boys of their own

caliber.

Nov. 13: Today ye R.R.R. visited Miss Taylor's office with a toothache. One might say that he was dentally disturbed.

Nov. 16: John; What's round and danger-

ous:

John's son: I don't know, what? John: A viscious circle.

Nov. 19: Forecast for the weekend: Chili today. Hot tamali.

Nov. 23: Over-heard in 234.

Herr Van: Was ist the differenze betveen Loosink somzik und Mizplazink ID?

Herr Do-no-van: Losing is when you don't know where something is. Misplacing is when you don't know where something is but you remember putting it there.

Nov. 24: Breakfast for Thursday morning: Coffee and English Ruffians.

La Plage

Sand by the ton Was tanned by the sun.

- Lawrence M. Jakmauh '65

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- Bishop John Wright in the Boston Globe

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